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THE
EMULATION
OF THE
INSECTS:

OR,

A Minister chosen.

A FABLE

Inscribed to His Grace
JOHN, Duke of ARGYLE.

Ingentes animos angusto in pectore versant. VIRG.

Summus nempe locus nulla non arte petitus. JUVEN.

L O N D O N:

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A TABLE

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A FABLE.

SELDOM the Man, whose Word's sincere,
Can gain that Height ; a Prince's Ear.
When first the Prince His Throne ascends ;
His greatest Test's the Choice of Friends.
Around Him Swarms of Courtiers play :
The Insects of the new-born Day !
Each holds before the Monarch's Face,
A Pocket-Imperfection's Glass ;

4 *The Emulation of the Insects;*

And He, whose Glass His Faults reflects,
Those Failings flatters and respects : 10
For Kings ; since ever Time has been ;
Like other Men were born to Sin.

The Monarch's vain. The Mirror shews
His Strutting, State ; His Paleness, Rose :
* And convex'd, in an adverse Light,
Sets His droll Squint and Eyes aright.
His Highness wears an Hump. — The Beau
Respectful wear short-waisted Clothes :
Sages, and Senates change Their Shapes ;
And hobble fashionable Apes. 20

Then, O *Argyle* ! What Praise is due
To Him, — Truth bids Me say to You —
Whose Soul above the Croud can rise ;
And, seated on just Pride, despise
Wealth,

* A concaved Mirror distorts or disagreeably enlarges an Object ; which a convex One of the same Proportion contracts, and returns to its primitive Appearance. Thus, like the Mirror, the Statesman's Flattery turns itself to any Form ; so it may adapt its Praise to the opposite Deformity of the Object.

Wealth, Favour, Honors plac'd beneath;
Where on Them Vice and Flatt'ry breath?
So when Contagion taints a Shore;
Afar the Skie-born Eagles soar
To Heights, where purer Life is giv'n:
Nor deign to land; but keep Their Heav'n. 30

O great *Argyle*! Thou Emblem lent
Of what in Man, His Author meant!
Guardian of Honor! Truth's Defence!
Of Virtue fond; the Nurse of Sense!
To King and Country true, as one!
Tho' high; not proud: Tho' great; as none!
In Fields still young; in Senates grave!
As *Cæsar* wise; as *Cæsar* brave!
Accept this Off'ring of the Muse:
Nor tender Her warm Zeal accuse. 40
Loyal; She shews Her King the Bee:
And Patriot; sings Her Ant in Thee:

6 *The Emulation of the Insects;*

But holds the Subject honest ; Who

To Power pays the Rev'rence due :

Yet dares Its mean Abuse despise ;

And o'er It bid prov'd Merit rise :

As worthy They, to Virtue fir'd ;

By Thy fair Copy first inspir'd.

In Swarms the Insects, o'er the Mead,

To Court with easy Carriage glide ;

To give the Ministry of Things

To Those, Who best assist Their Kings :

Not like the Members of Our Coat ;

Who go determin'd how to vote.

There stood beneath an Alder's Shade

An Aggat Cavern ; hollow made

By a swift Current's Force, of old

That rapidly beneath It roll'd :

Now e'en the Stream Its Banks does flie

Thro' Time ; and leaves Its Pebbles dry.

60

Within

Within this Aggat's hollow Side,
 Their Court was hewn in mimic Pride:
 Whose Walls, transparent to the Sight,
 Around receive a Day of Light:
 Whose Roofs, in vaulted Structure high,
 Seem, bounded by the higher Skie.

When ceas'd the loud applausive Hum,
 And Each was in Attention dumb;
 Up rose the Bee above the rest:
 And thus th'assembl'd Court address'd.

70

With Joy, My Friends, I see You meet;
 And much My People long'd to see't;
 To settle such Defects of State,
 As might Disturbances create:
 For when there rages Discontent,
 'Tis wise Its Evils to prevent.
 I know the Fondness of My Breast;
 To see My People's Wrongs redrest:

So

8 *The Emulation of the Insects;*

So take It, tho' They disagree,
Diffention be not meant at Me. 80

Virtue mounts high, of Heaven proud,
Above the Shade of Faction's Cloud;
And Majesty, on Justice' Throne,
Sits Guardian to Itself alone.

The Point, that now is in Debate,
Is of the Minister of State.

For what's a Ship without Its Guide?
'Tis hurri'd down the forcing Tide.

Kings have a dang'rous Tide to stem;
And must be pilotted by Them. 90

Then let each Candidate appear,
Who claims the Place; and We shall hear.

The Slug rais'd high His heavy Head;
And this His Suit before Them laid.
Mine is the Place; if We're to draw
Our's from the Politician's Law.

or, *A Minister chosen.* 9

As Wolves the feeble Flocks devour,
So plunder Ministers in Pow'r.
Now I, like Them, deceitful spoil,
The rich Man's Pleasure, Lab'rer's Toil;
The Garden's Boast, and Florist's Pride;
The Bud, in Heav'n's fair Rain-bow dy'd.
The Peach must wear My unctious Slime;
While I to higher Plunders climb:
By which to Leaves and Fruit I cling,
And crawl, the Spoiler of the Spring.

The Snail then.——What the Slug does say
With some Advantage favours Me.
Each Insect of Experience knows
The Hazards, which the Statesman goes:
That when a dirty Scheme's begun;
Or any scurvy Action's done;
He's liable, and often under
Danger of being pull'd asunder.

B

Now,

10 *The Emulation of the Insects;*

Now, as I'll plainly prove, the Slug
Cannot do Mischief, quite so snug
As I; who am enclos'd in Shell:
Tho' what He does is very well;
He's so expos'd, so oft in Lim;
Each Bird can have a Pick at Him: 120
When It would be a trusty Tool,
That in My Coat could pick an Hole.
This Crescent too My Head adorns:
And Statesmen, now a Days, wear Horns.

Here Insects of domestic Names
Arose; and laid Their sev'ral Claims:
The Cricket, Midge, the Worm and Clock;
With more, a strange and num'rous Flock!
And All Their Imperfections rate,
As Commendations to be great: 130
For Fools, like Girls, so fond of Praise,
For Fame Their darling Follies blaze.

The Drone His Right of Power draws
From Dulness; and His Breach of Laws.

The Beetle prov'd His brawny Back,
His Blindness, and His Raven-Black ;
As Emblems of Pontific Gown ;
Were true Adherents to the Crown.

The Wasp set forth His pois'nous Sting,
By wounding Patriots, serv'd His King : 140
And Others rose to pull down Merit ;
That Foe to Courts, a public Spirit.

True, cries the Flea, the tender Part
To sting, declares the Statesman's Art.
This the pert Wasp pretends to know,
Who openly attacks His Foe.

Now I will wisely condescend ;
To be the Patriot's Bosom-Friend :
Yet will retain a nimble Neck
To shift My Side, and bite His Back. 150

12 *The Emulation of the Insects;*

When Patriots by the Ear are caught;
They're easily to Reason brought:
Now You from wiser Man may hear;
A Flea is dang'rous in the Ear.
Thus a close Whisper lays aside
Loud P——'s Rage, and serves His Pride:
Can the Dupe in a Nurfry keep;
And bid Him in an Earldom sleep.
Thus S—— was bought, and such-like Fools,
With all Their Wisdom of the Schools! 160
Nay I can live, like Statesmen, set
Around in Grime, in Filth and Sweat;
Or can to any Work descend;
So I succeed, or gain My End.

The Fly—Hypocrisy's the Way
To lead the Man of Worth astray:
For strong is He, who can withstand
To join the Flatt'rer by the Hand.

Where-

Wherefore, each necessary Part
 Of subtile Courtship, I've by Heart, 170
 I can salute each Man I meet ;
 Taste each Man's Dish but never treat :
 And while He freely lets Me feast ;
 I serve Myself, but blow the Rest.
 Then should My King a Project lay ;
 Instead Her former Debts to pay ;
 The Nation's public Wealth to get,
 And plunge the People more in Debt ;
 A Drop of Honey set aside,
 That Monarch's Gold which buys off Pride, 180
 Attracts Me to Its fragrant Lure ;
 My Silence wins, and binds Me sure.
 Besides few Ministers will dare ;
 Against Their Friends to suffer War :
 For States, tho' Each a War intends,
 May in Their Ministers be Friends ;
 Yet, spur'd by Clamor's restless Stings,
 Make Shew of War ; to screen Their Kings.

14 *The Emulation of the Insects;*

So I, stuck on a Needle's Point,
Work nimbly each elastic Joint; 190
My Paper Musket exercise
With Head, Arms, Ancles, Feet and Thighs;
From Right to Left I wind It round;
And threaten War in mimic Sound:
But never mean to reach My Foes.
As never They to come to Blows.

'These Schemes, reply'd the Spider, rise
From artful Principals, not wise.
A Statesman should be provident:
Nor shew too plain the Purpose meant. 200
These Rules already well are known,
By frequent Practise common grown:
Not only prov'd on P——, S——,
But F———ce with unsully'd Hands;
And L———n; Whom Virtues bless,
Whom Wisdom, Justice, Truth confess;
Are

Are Instances of Worth and Sense
 O'erpow'r'd by Vice and Insolence :
 But long a Practice cannot last ;
 The Horse must tire, that runs too fast. 210
 By Arts, with deeper Cunning fraught,
 The Birds of furthest Reach are caught.
 * While the Lark thinks to mount the Skies,
 And join a Choir, He downward flies :
 Trap'd He alone, deserted, views
 Himself the Croud, a Mirror shews.
 With justest Conduct, nicest Care,
 I lay My thin, yet artful Snare.
 An hundred curious, pleasing Views,
 An hundred wond'rous Avenues 220
 Allure the Trav'ler, on His Way,
 To turn aside, and run astray.
 Around,

* The manner of taking Larks is this. The Pochers place a Number of small convex'd Mirrors, framed close together, on the Ground ; whose Reflexions send up a large Glare of Light ; which, catching the Lark's Eye, shew to Him as the Skies, and in them a Multitude of Birds, which are but the Pictures of His own Person. The Lark immediately flies to join His Brother Choir ; and as He approaches, They in the same Proportion, appear to come nearer Him : Thus, by Himself deluded, He falls downward to the Net.

16 *The Emulation of the Insects;*

Around, streight Lines conduct Pilm in;
Which soon into a thousand twine.

These by as many more are crost:

Which in the like again are lost.

Above, below, the Lines, like Rays,

Extend: Now join, now break a Maze.

The whole appears one strange About:

No Entrance in, no Passage out. 230

Here I, the Tyrant, sit in State;

Like Giants at Their Castle's Gate:

Torn Limbs, and Heads lie strewn around:

The Terrors of this magic Ground.

From which, ev'n regal Pow'r, the Bee,

Cannot withdraw His Person free.

For tho' His Weight break thro' the Strings,

He cannot flie, for want of Wings.

And tangled there, the greater Haste

He makes t'escape, the more He's fast. 240

Great Charles was held by one thin Thread;

To Policy a Martyr made.

I should not on This lay such Stress;
 Had It not met with late Success.
 As *Athens'* Youths the Bull of *Crete*
 Engag'd; and still Destruction met;
Scarb'rough the Labyrinth defi'd:
 And in Its subtle Windings di'd.

I, says the Butterfly, excell
 Like a Magician in a Spell: 250
 Which in a Statesman's Hand's expedient;
 As aiding to an evil Agent.
 I crawl on Earth, in Air I range;
 Not ti'd to Form; but free to change:
 That, if attempted in one Shape,
 I in another can escape.
 For Statesmen, by Their frequent Rapes,
 Involve Themselves in dirty Scrapes.
 They first run in; — then what? Why then,
 Must get Themselves ev'n out again. 260

18 *The Emulation of the Insects ;*

Lords are to Butterflies compar'd.
 And sure a Lord should be prefer'd?
 Unless by Man's Defects You note Us;
 And will in Time as useless vote Us?
 But Who can say We Nothing do?
 Is't Nothing to set out for Show?
 To chuse Variety of Drefs?
 Does This denote an Idleness?
 All Day We faunter o'er the Mead:
 Yet with this Nothing are fatigu'd. 279
 Each Sweet We rifle; Flow'r We taste:
 Nor know, from Much, to chuse the Best.
 Let Asses toil; or, in the Heat,
 The Ant and lab'ring Oxen sweat:
 This World, and ev'ry Sweet that grows,
 Was made for Lords; and Lord's Repose.
 Then in this Point I all exceed,
 That's in Relation to My Breed.
 From Slime, from Excrement, and Dung,
 I boast My Birth and Being sprung. 280

or, *A Minister chosen.*

99

First breath a Maggot, then a Worm,

At last arrive to this My Form:

And cut, in these My Birth-Day Clothes,

As good a Figure, as Your Beaus.

What is Nobility of late!

Who's rich, and fine is wife, and great.

Statesmen; for We in This agree;

Derive a Day-born Pedigree

From Beggars, Jailers, Pettifoggers,

From Whores, Pimps, Scriv'ners, Bombs, and

Jobbers.

290

When first the Maggot would aspire;

He's dubb'd with Title of Esquire.

Become a Worm, He forward creeps;

And to a Baronet He steps.

Wings having got, He aims to rise;

Is made a Lord, and then He flies.

So as to Lord, Esquire, or Knight,

I claim hereditary Right.

20 *The Emulation of the Insects;*

The Death-watch last His Descant sang
In doleful Notes, and thus began.
The Wise can only forward view
In Fate, from Parallels They know;
Yet such the Varioufness of Things;
Kings fall to Slaves, Slaves rise to Kings;
Such the Uncertainty; the Eyes
Are, after the Experience, wise.
Now I alone can guide the State,
Who look into the Depths of Fate;
Not only act what there is told;
But Fate itself by Me's controul'd.
If I pronounce a fatal Doom;
'Tis sure, as Destiny, to come.
For if a Male-Content should dare,
To raise Disturbances, or War;
Or should defend His Country's Laws,
In Opposition to Our Cause;
He's not, as now, by Way of Fine,
Allow'd the Favour to resign:

My Voice alone can Vengeance claim;
 Off with His Head. — So much for Him;
 As I above the Chimney sat,
 I hear'd a Set of Women chat,
 How *Essex* by His Queen was lov'd;
 And the unhappy Fav'rite prov'd;
 Wife *Cecil*, by just Envy led,
 Contriv'd His Fall; and *Essex* bled.
 On *Raleigh* Their Encomiums ran,
 And *Monmouth* — prittiest Gentleman;
 But These are few with Others weigh'd;
 Whose Virtues have Themselves betray'd;
 Then None before Me be prefer'd;
 Who needs no Art, but to be fear'd.

They ceas'd. Attention held the Croud;
 No Insect's Voice was hear'd aloud;
 While Doubt and Fear Their Minds suspend,
 Waiting the great, th'important End.

22 *The Exaltation of the Insects;*

Till first Their King the Silence broke;
Who thus with just Repentment spoke.

Think not, Ye ~~Hard~~, I mean ~~to abuse~~
My Place with Fraud, or regal Use
Of Pow'r, by such unworthy Means;
Or Subjects cheat for private Gains.
What's just and honest shall support
The Strength, and Grandeur of My Court.
Nor, when I am Assail'd ask; —
Do I design Him, as a Mark,
To covet what's unworthy Me;
Or hurt My People's Liberty.
No — but when I the Insect find
Of Worth, and of the honest Mind;
Who, scorning His own private End,
Is the whole Weal's good-natur'd Friend;
Will share with Me His Country's Load;
Will keep Its Honor clear Abroad;

At Home, consult the People's Ease;
Maintain Their Rights, procure Their Peace;
Him; tho' I find I fairly try
'Tis hard to find out such an One;
With Faith and Love I will endeavour
To keep You free, and secure:

Joy, Love, and Glory fill'd the Breast
Of Each; as in Their Monarch blest:
Then All, from the deep Silence, raise
Their Voices in one Shout of Praise!
But when th' respected Ant was seen
To rise; a Silence-reign'd again:

Who, from His Worthiness rever'd,
Was both with Love and Fear heard:

My Friends, says He, tho' I must move
My Suit; the first My Faith to prove
Now can the Patriot Bosom cease
To shew Its Thanks in gen'rous Praise;

When

24 *The Emulation of the Insects;*

When such a Voice lost Virtue fires?

And what It asks, at once inspires?

For as the Sun, which moves on high,

Not only warms His Empire-Skie;

But Light and Heat around Him sends:

Which Gifts to Worlds beneath descends.

So when in Greatness Virtues play;

Each Insect glisters in the Ray. 380

The beaming Fire, that o'er Us shines,

Flows down; and lives within Our Veins.

Thus of My Prince secure, and You;

With Faith We shall Our Cause pursue.

If Pride elates, or bids Us glide

The glitt'ring Trifle of the Mead;

Our Wings against the Thorns We tear,

And leave Our Pride and Bodies bare.

If Flights We take to shew Our Pow'r;

The Swallow may Our Aims devour. 390

If new Experiments We make;
 And dare to swim the faithless Lake;
 Such Insects, taken out of Place,
 Prove Prey unto the finny Race.
 An humble Mean We chuse to hold,
 Of Wrong afraid, in Justice bold.
 Aiming, thro' Love, to serve the State
 Not from the View of being great,
 Nor will I, in My Wit's Defence,
 Maintain the Rogue; to prove My Sense: 400
 For tho' He, Who a Knave is deem'd,
 A Man of Parts will be esteem'd;
 Yet Truth and Justice in the End
 Will prove the Owner's better Friend.
 To give This in a clearer View;
 I'll tell You, what I'll witness true.

The Master of yon spacious Pile,
 Where Peace, and Mirth, and Plenty smile,

Which I'll name the *DD*

26 *The Emulation of the Insects ;*

Within His Court a Mastif kept ;
To guard His Mansion while He slept ;
To save His Poultry from the Fox :
Sure of *Excise*, as of His Locks.
Excise He nam'd the watchful Spy ;
To Servants Liberty a Tie :
For if He'd only hear a Mouse ;
He'd in an Uproar set the House,
Thus grown in Favor, Milk He laps,
And fattens on delicious Scraps ;
Whole Limbs of Fowl, and choicest Meat ;
More than an honest Man would get.
Sleek grows His Coat, and wise His Mein ;
Which hides a crafty Knave within :
For oft I've seen Him from My Seat,
Which stands secure within the Gate,
A Duck or Chicken snatch away ;
Which Piece of Theft on *Reynard* lay's
Who, from His *Excellence* to steal,
Was slyly nam'd the Cardinal.

Thus

Or, a Minister chosen. 292

Thus fat *Excise*, unsatisfi'd
With honest Gain, on Plunder liv'd.
This Trade held on : Fowl grows so rare ;
But little comes to Servants Share.
I knew ; I saw the Chickens bleed ;
And griev'd to see a Knave succeed :
But what can single Virtue boast ?
Who fights with Vice, must fight an Host.
Yet e'er in Crimes some chance Defects
Of Wit the Roguery detects :
So, as the Men His Kennel scour'd,
They found some Poultry half devour'd :
Which shew'd the Knave's snifter Ends,
Or He, and Reynard, too near Friends :
And prov'd too true, what Fame reported,
How great a Rogue His Lord supported.

Their Qualities each Candidate,
From Man's Defects, appear'd to rate :

Do 2

28 *The Emulation of the Insects;*

As Honesty and Love to Kings
Were reckon'd inconsistent Things :
Who, to maintain the Crown and Head,
Must now, as ever, be misled. 450

From Man I also will advance
My Claim, but not from Ignorance :
As little differs Craft and Error ;
When seen in Wisdom's steady Mirror.

As You from *Cecil*, and Your Lusts,
Shew Yourselfs fitting for Your Trusts ;
I from *Argyle*, the Soldier's Pride,
Or *Chesterfield*, the Senate's Guide,
Will copy to be brave, and wise :
Learn'd in Deceit, t'encounter Vice. 460

In Peace and War alike I stand
Able to act or to command.

Tho' Ants of Peace the Teachers are ;

They're yet a People arm'd for War ;

And still My Industry has been

A Proverb in the Mouths of Men.

The Public thus Their Rights and Gain

At once shall value, and maintain.

In Summer, and in Seasons fair,

I'll hoard with Labor, keep with Care

47●

The silver Oat, and golden Grain;

And cull the choicest of the Plain :

That when cold Winter nips the Seed,

In Peace and Plenty We may feed.

Then, when confin'd by falling Rains,

We'll lodge at Home ; enjoy Our Gains :

Nor live the Insects of a Sun ;

But be a Name while Ages run,

For, be assur'd, true Policy

For Man or Master's Honesty.

48●

A loud Applause joy'd Millions sing.

The Ant was Minister ; the Bee was King.

The End.

Or, a Minister chosen.

The Public thus Their Rights and Gain

At once shall value, and maintain.

In Summer, and in Seasons fair,

I'll bound with Labor, keep with Care

The River Ot, and golden Grain,

And call the choicest of the Plain:

That when cold Winter nips the Seed,

In Peace and Plenty We may feed.

Then, when conch'd by falling Rains,

We'll lodge at Home, enjoy Our Gains:

Not live the Insects of a Sun;

But be a Name while Ages run:

For, be assur'd, true Policy

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O R,

The STATESMAN'S Lecture ;

The MISTAKE,

O R,

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